

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Post," "The Mexican Revolution," "The Mexican Revolution," etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Ha!" she cried contemptuously. "and do you think he will serve? No! At a word from me he will flee to the border and I shall join him in the United States!"

"What?" demanded Bud. "Phil desert?"

In a moment he saw what such a move would mean to him—to Kruger and the Eagle Tail—and he woke suddenly from his calm.

"Here now," he said, scowling as he saw that she was laughing at him, "you've made me and Phil enough trouble. You let that boy alone, savvy?"

He stooped toward her as he spoke, fixing her with masterful eyes that had tamed many a bad horse and man, and she shrank away instinctively. Then she glanced at him shyly and edged over toward the open door.

"I will do what I please, Mr. Hooker," she returned, balancing on the verge of flight.

"All right," Bud came back, "but don't you call me in on it. You've made a fool of Phil—I suppose you'd like to get me, too. Then your father would grab our mine."

"What do you mean?" she challenged, turning back upon him.

"I mean this," responded Hooker warmly. "Phil holds the title to our mine. If he deserts he loses his Mexican citizenship and his claim is no good. But you don't need to think that your father will get the mine then, because he'll have to whip me first!"

"Oh!" she answered, "so that is what you are thinking of? You are a true gringo, Mr. Hooker—always thinking about the money!"

"Yes," returned Bud; "and even at that I believe your old man will beat me!"

She laughed again, with sudden capriciousness, and stood tapping the floor with her foot.

"Ah, I see," she said at length, gazing at him reproachfully; "you think I am working for my father. You think I got poor Phil into all this trouble in order to cheat him of his mine. But let me tell you, Senor Gringo," she cried with sudden fire, "that I did not! I have nothing to do with my father and his schemes. But if you do not trust me—"

She turned dramatically to go, but when Hooker made no effort to stay her she returned once more to the attack.

"No," she said, "it was because he was an American—because he was brave—that I put my faith in Phil. These Mexican men are cowards—they are afraid to stand up and fight! But Phil dared to make love to me—he dared to cling to me at night—and when Manuel del Rey tried to stop him he stood up and made a fight!"

"Ah, that is what I admire—a man who is brave! And let me tell you, Senor Hooker, I shall always love your friend! If I could run away I would marry him tomorrow; but this cur, Manuel del Rey, stands in the way. Even my own father is against me. But I don't care—I don't care what happens—only do not think that I am not your friend!"

She paused now and glanced at him shyly, and as her eloquent eyes met his own Bud felt suddenly that she was sincere. The gnawing and corrosive doubt that had eaten at his heart fell away, and he saw her now in her true beauty, with no uneasy thoughts of treachery to poison his honest love.

"I believe you, lady," he said. "I'm glad to know you," he added, taking off his hat and bowing awkwardly. "Anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to ask for it—only I can't go against my pardners on this mine."

He bowed again and retreated toward the door, but she followed him impulsively.

"Shake hands," she said, holding out both her own, "and will you help me?"

"Sure!" answered Bud, and as her soft fingers closed on his he took them gently, for fear that he might crush them and never know.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A month of weary waiting followed that day of days in Fortuna, and still there was no word from Phil. Bernardo Bravo, and his rebel riders passed through the mountains to the east, and never came of heavy fighting in Chihuahua. Don Cipriano Aragon moved his family back to his hacienda and Gracia became only a dream.

Then, one day, as Hooker and the Yaqui were industriously panning out gold, a messenger came out from town with a telegram in his hand.

"Ah, in God's name. No chance to hold mine," Kruger says quit—P.

"No. I'll be 'karned if I do!" muttered Bud. Then he sat down to think.

"Amigo," he said to the Yaqui, "are you a Mexican citizen? Can you get title to mine?"

"No a Mexican?" repeated Amigo.

tapping himself on the chest. "No, señor! Seguro que no!"

"All right then," observed Bud bitterly, "here goes nothing—nowhere! I'll turn Mexican myself!"

He passed the messenger on the way to town, took out his first papers as a citizen, picked up the mineral agent's expert on the way back, and located the Eagle Tail in his own name. Before riding back to camp he wired to Kruger:

Have turned Mex. and released claim. HOOKER.

It was his last card, and he did not expect to win by it. Fate had been against him from the first, and he could see his finish, but his nature drove him to fight on. All that Aragon had to do now was to have him summoned for military service, and Del Rey would do the rest.

Then he could take over the mine. A mere formality—or so it seemed—but between Aragon and his mine stood the Texas blood. Hooker had been crowded to the wall, and he was mad enough to fight.

The news of De Lancey's desertion followed quickly after his flight—it came over the federal wires in a report to Manuel del Rey—but by the time it got to Aragon that gentleman was too late. They rode into camp the next day—Aragon and the captain of the rurales—and at the first glimpse of that hated uniform Amigo was off like a buck. Bud went out sullenly to meet them, his black mood showing in his lowering eyes, and he halted them by the savagery of his cursing.

"You cockeyed old reprobate," he snarled, advancing threateningly upon the palling Aragon, "this makes three times you've come into my camp and brought your gun with you! Now take it off!" he yelled, dropping suddenly into Spanish. "Take that gun off—do you understand?"

So violent and unexpected was his assault that it threw Aragon into a panic, and even Manuel del Rey softened his manner as he inquired into the cause.

"Never mind," answered Bud, smiling crustily as Aragon laid aside

his arms; "I know that hombre well! Now what can I do for you, captain?"

"Be so kind as to take your hand from your belt," replied Del Rey with a smile that was intended to placate. "Ah, thank you—excuse my nerves—now I can tell you the news. I regret to inform you, señor, that your friend, De Lancey, has deserted from my command, taking his arms and equipment with him. In case he is captured he will be shot as a deserter."

"Your news is old, captain," rejoined Hooker. "I knew it two days ago. And you can tell Mr. Aragon that it is no use for him to try to get this mine—I became a Mexican citizen yesterday and located it myself."

"So we learned," responded the captain suavely. "It was part of my errand today to ask if you would not enlist in my company of rurales."

"Muchas gracias, captain," answered Hooker with heavy irony. "I do not care to!"

"But your friend—" protested Manuel del Rey with an insinuating smile. "My friend was in jail," put in Bud; "he was to be shot at sunrise. But now, amigo, I am not in jail, and, furthermore, I do not intend to be."

"That is very creditable to you," laughed Del Rey; "but even then you are entitled to enlist. The country is full of turbulent fellows who have to be caught or killed. Come now, you understand my errand—why make it hard for me?"

"No, señor," returned Bud grimly. "I know nothing of your errand. But this I do know, I have done nothing for which I can be arrested, and if any man tries to make me join the army—he hooked his thumb into his belt and regarded the captain fixedly.

"Ah, very well," said Del Rey, jerking his waxed mustaches. "I will not press the matter. But I understand from one of my men, señor, that you are harboring a dangerous criminal here—the same man, perhaps, whom I saw running up the canyon?"

He smiled meaningfully at this, but Bud was swift to defend his Yaqui.

"No, señor," he replied, "I have no such criminal. I have a Mexican working for me who is one of the best miners in Sonora, and that is all I know about him."

"A Mexican?" repeated Del Rey, arching his eyebrows. "Excuse me, sir, but it is my business to know every man in this district, and he is no Mexican, but a Yaqui. Moreover, he is a fugitive and an outlaw, and if

he had not been enlisted with the fed-

erals I should have arrested him when he passed through Fortuna. So I warn you, sir, not to hide him, or you will be liable to the law."

"I'm not hiding him," protested Hooker scornfully. "I'm just hiring him as a miner, and any time you want him you can come and get him. He's up in the rocks there somewhere now."

"So!" exclaimed the captain, glancing uneasily at the hillside. "I did not think—but many thanks, señor, another time will do as well."

He reined his horse away as he spoke and, with a jerk of the head to Aragon, rode rapidly down the canyon. Aragon lingered to retrieve his fallen gun-belt and then, seeming to think better of his desire to speak, he made a single vindictive gesture and set spurs to his champing horse.

It was merely a fling of the hand, as spontaneous as a sigh or a frown, but in it Hooker read the last exasperation of the Spaniard and his declaration of war to the knife. He bared his strong teeth in reply and blazed out a blighting curse, and then Aragon was gone.

That evening, as the darkness came on and the canyon became hushed and still Bud built a big fire and stood before it, his rugged form silhouetted against the flames. And soon, as quiet as a fox, the Yaqui appeared from the gloom.

"Did he come for me?" he asked, advancing warily into the firelight, "that captain?"

"Yes," answered Bud, "and for me, too. But you must have known him before, Amigo—he seems to be afraid of you."

A smile of satisfaction passed over the swarthy face of the Indian at this, and then the lines became grim again. His eyes glowed with the light of some great purpose, and for the first time since he had been with Bud he drew aside the veil from his past.

"Yes," he said, nodding significantly, "the rural is afraid. He knows I have come to kill him."

He squatted by the fire and poured out a cup of coffee, still brooding over his thoughts—then, with a swift gesture, he laid open his shirt and pointed to a scar along the ribs.

"He shot me there," he said. "And so you have come to kill him?"

"Yes," answered Amigo; "but not now. Tomorrow I go to my people—I must take them my money first."

"Have you got a wife?" asked Hooker, forgetting for once his accustomed reserve.

"No," crumbled Amigo, shaking his head sadly, "no wife."

"Oh, you take your money to your father and mother?"

"No, no father—no mother—nadle!" He threw up his open hands to signify that all were gone, and Hooker said no more. For three months and more he had worked alongside this giant, silent Yaqui and only once had he sensed his past. That was when Amigo had torn his shirt in lifting, and across the rippling muscles of his back there had been shown the long white wale of a whip.

It was the mark of his former slavery when, with the rest of his people, he had been deported to the benighted fields of Yucatan and flogged by the overseer's lash—and Amigo was ashamed of it. But now that he was about to go, Bud made bold to ask him one more question, to set his mind at rest.

"Perhaps this captain killed your people?"

"No, señor," answered Amigo calmly, "they died."

TAKES WIFE FOR RIDE IN BUGGY; KILLS HER

Carrizozo, N. M., June 29.—Roman Villal, of San Patricio, near here, shot and killed his wife last Tuesday and when arrested and arraigned on a murder charge, pleaded guilty. Villal is over 65 years old and his wife was about the same age. Villal took his wife for a buggy ride. Eye-witnesses say when passing San Patricio Villal got out of the buggy, drew a six-shooter and fired at his wife, taking the body to his wife's brother. No motive is known for the crime.

PATRIOTIC PROGRAM TO BE HELD SUNDAY

Gallup, N. M., June 29.—The patriotic program, scheduled to be held here on July 4, will be held on Sunday, July 5, this date proving more convenient for Judge B. S. Rodey, who will deliver the principal address. The amusement features will take place on the Fourth as planned.

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KATHRYN'S COURTSHIP

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Kathryn never glanced to right or left, passing through the long rotunda of the hotel.

Ahead of her was her mother, personally conducted, as usual, by three boys and half a dozen maids. There had been the usual argument about the dogs, the usual argument about the southern exposure and the maid's rates.

Kathryn hated every little detail of it. She had heard it all over Europe, and now they were back in New York after two years, it would be just the same.

There would be several hours of talk after they were settled in their room, all the old reproaches would be gone over, and their expenses, and the alarming decrease quarterly in the income from the west. It would end with the passionate declaration that the fate of the whole family was in Kathryn's hands, and if she didn't marry money pretty soon, something would snap under the strain.

"Let it snap," Kit would say, calmly. "Nobody wants this mad whirl but you, mumsie. I'd be perfectly contented to stay out home where we belong. You're using up every last cent Uncle Peter left us trying to marry me off, and I won't be a speculation for anybody. I want to fall in love. I want to have every last earthly thrill that all the poets have gone mad about. Isn't there anything in it at all? Weren't you in love, mumsie?"

"Heaven help me, yes, my dear, I was," Mrs. Burroughs would say with portentous warning. "You know Punct's advice. I would change it. He said to persons about to be married, 'Don't! I say to persons about to fall in love, 'Don't! Love is nature's trap. I think I may safely say that civilization has built a protected right of way roundabout it. Do you know why I am taking you to the Langhorne?"

Kit glanced up from her pile of mail. There was a curious light in her eyes, a little happy smile hovering on her lips.

"I don't care where we go so long as we're back in New York again."

"Prince Waldemar preceded us by on boat. He will be here for six months, right here, Kit, at this same hotel, and you know he was perfectly mad about you. He trailed us all over Europe last winter—"

"Yes, he did. Why? Because you, and old Lady Vario spread the report that we were awfully rich, and he was after the money. He wouldn't have cared, mumsie, whether it had been you or myself, just as long as he got a good grip on poor dad's gold sacks. I've just had a letter from Ben and he's coming east on some business deal."

"Kathryn, shall you see him here, Ben Colby?"

Kathryn nodded her head amiably. "Right over, bless him, and won't I be glad to see him after the varied assortment of men we've been treated to on the continent? Mumsie, you would never be cross with Ben. Why, he's been with us ever since we had the old lodging shack for the boys up above the mines ten years ago."

Ben arrived the week after they crossed the ocean. Mrs. Burroughs had gone calling with the prince.

"Oh, Ben, I wish you'd been with me," she said, holding both of her hands out to his eager grasp.

"Lord, it's good to look at you, Kit. They haven't spoiled you, have they? Do you mind my coming to see you?"

"If you hadn't, Ben Colby, just if you hadn't!" she laughed back.

"Where are you stopping?"

"Why, er—with friends," said Ben guardedly. "Seems good to see the old town."

"I didn't know you had been here before."

"I lived here, about six years ago. You know I left the camp twice to come back east. That was when it was."

"It's a bit different now, girlie, though. I've struck it rich out yonder. You know the old claims, 20 of them, that went with the Creighton deal, and everybody laughed at me for buying. Well, it looks like radium. I'm not letting go of my interests. They've formed a company, and paid cash so far. Will you be my partner, Kit?"

And Kit looked up at the dear boyish face that she had dreamt of on the other side, and carried to her heart of hearts. Somehow it all seemed part of the Maytime, and the calling birds around them, and the tender green everywhere. Would she go back to Nevada? Ben caught the look in her eyes, and right there he took her in his arms.

Kit was dressing for dinner when Mrs. Burroughs came back from a tea.

"My dear," she began, meaningfully, "my dear, I have news. I heard this afternoon at Mrs. Cruger Colby's that Ben Colby is her grandson. He threw up society and went out west for fun and adventure. Now he's made a fortune, she says. I do hope, dear heart, that you have not written anything hasty or unkind to dear old Ben."

"Mumsie, you precious fraud, you," laughed Kit. "You're a dear old weather vane, and I can look right through you. I told Ben I'd marry him this afternoon."

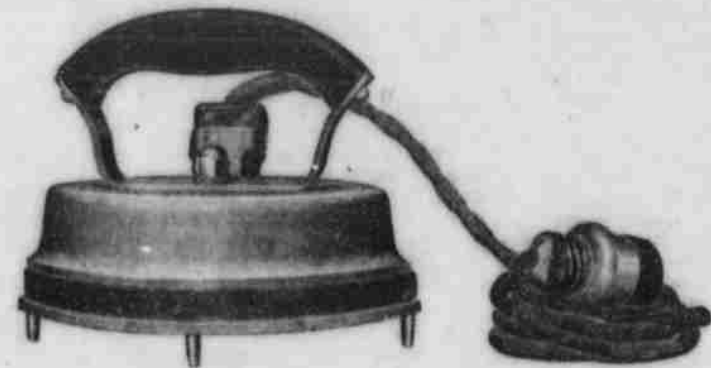
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"TODAY'S NEWS TODAY"

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JONES SPEAKER AT CALGARY

New Mexico Man, Assistant Secretary of Interior, to Represent Department at Irrigation Congress.

Calgary, Alta., June 29.—Hon. A. A. Jones, assistant secretary of the department of the interior of the United States, will be one of the big speakers at the International Irrigation congress in Calgary, October 5 to 9. The program committee of the con-

gress, which met in this city, announced that advices have been received from Washington indicating that Mr. Jones will be present at the congress and deliver an address.

Secretary Jones is a westerner who has taken a large part in irrigation development in the United States, especially in New Mexico, and his excellent and useful work along that line has earned for him the appointment of the position he now holds. Along the lines of irrigation development he is one of the best posted in his country, and much useful information can be gleaned from what he has to say at the convention. Under the direction of Hon. Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, Mr. Jones has taken a leading part in the satisfactory adjustment of the many serious problems confronting the settlers on the irrigated lands of the west.

SENATOR LODGE SAVED BEET SUGAR LOBBYISTS THOUSANDS, IS CLAIM

[By Leonard Wire to Evening Herald.] Washington, June 29.—Chairman Overman of the senate lobby committee had before him today a special report of postoffice inspectors alleging the government was deprived of \$57,500 in postal revenues when certain so-called beet sugar lobby literature was circulated free under the frank of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Whether steps will be taken to compel the sugar interests concerned to pay that sum has not been decided, but Mr. Overman declared today the investigation would be the basis of legislation to regulate the use of the franking privilege.

Free lunch at Summer Garden Saturday night, June 27.